

3 BROTHERS AND BRIDE OF ONE IN "AFFINITY" CASE

Arrest of Anton Parmess and
Sister-in-Law Reveals a
Strange Tangle.

THE PAIR HAD ELOPED.

Third Brother, Who Also
Loved Woman, Proves
Their Nemesis.

Nearly the entire Italian population of Yonkers swarmed in and around the City Court today when Anton Parmess and Anna Parmess, the wife of Anton's brother, were arraigned before Judge Beall under the new "affinity law," on a charge of eloping and living together. The offense is a felony punishable by imprisonment for as long as twenty years.

The "little Italy" of Yonkers is wonderfully wrought up over this case, for three brothers and one woman, whom the three brothers love, are more or less tangled in it. As the case stands now, Anna, a pretty, oiled woman, is married to Frank, who has eloped with Anton and is still beloved of both and by the other brother, Bartholomew.

But Bartholomew and Frank feel for Anton, their brother, a deep and abiding hatred and the latter is returned. Anton hates Bartholomew sincerely, but he hates Frank twice as much because Frank married Anna seven years ago when Anna really loved Anton better than she loved Frank and not quite so well as she loved Bartholomew, who did not ask her to marry him, much as he wanted to, because he was too poor.

Police Hold Children.
Add to this complication the warm, impulsive temperament of the characters is the same and there is all the material for an explosion. Incidentally it may be mentioned that Anna has a child three years old by her husband and a child three months old by Anton and both children are in charge of the Yonkers police because she took her husband's child with her when she eloped with her husband's brother.

To avoid getting all twisted up like a plate of spaghetti in this narrative it is necessary to go back seven years. Then Anna Masso was the prettiest girl in Glori del Colle, Province of Bari, Italy, and her father was Mayor of the town. The three likeliest young men there were Frank, Anton and Bartholomew Parmess, the sons of a farmer. And all three loved Anna.

Frank, the eldest, was a good, steady, successful, married the girl and moved heavily to the United States with money secured from the bride's father. Bartholomew, it seems, could have secured the girl but had not the assurance to pop the question, and even Anton stood higher in her regard than the brother who married her.

Upon arriving here Frank started a barber shop in Yonkers. Within two years both his brothers were in Yonkers. Anton started a barber shop and Bartholomew a billiard and pool room and he has since parlayed into a saloon.

Eloped With Brother's Wife.

Anton prospered as a barber more rapidly than did Frank. "White Frank" sold his shop, and he could turn his business over to a couple of assistants, spent much time at Frank's home, portending us with the fact that he was a half-brother and the next day disappeared with his bride and wife and child. Strangely enough Frank was not so deeply concerned about the elopement as his brother Bartholomew, which is probably explained by the fact that Frank had lived with the female party to the elopement for several long years. Bartholomew, who was a devoted bachelor, was mad, of course, but when he could get no trace of the eloping pair in a few weeks he moved to No. 25 Court street, Brooklyn, and went to bartering again.

Bartholomew, however, was not content to let the couple go. He became acquainted with Detective Pasquale Gilbert, of the Yonkers police, and told him of the unbrotherly act of Frank. Gilbert correctly surmising the elopement might write to Italy advised Bartholomew to correspond with the people of his native village and ask if Frank and Anna had been heard from.

Within a month the news came from Italy that Anton had established a barber shop in Albany and was living there. Bartholomew hastened to Albany and after a search lasting two days located Anton's shop.

Spy Got a Beating.

Instead of biding his time and sending for his outraged brother Frank he rushed in upon the astonished Anton and attempted to put him apart. Anton, reinforced by his hired barbers, fell upon Bartholomew, beat him severely and wound up by hitting him repeatedly. Bartholomew was in jail three days. When he got out Anton had skipped again. Bartholomew was baffled and enraged, returned to Yonkers and wrote again to Italy, asking for more news of the elopers.

Through his home people he learned three days ago that Anton and Anna were in Schenectady at No. 15 Ferry street. This time Bartholomew called upon Frank, and together they consulted with Chief of Police Wolff, of Yonkers, who advised by the fact that police had been asked to arrest the elopers. This was done night before last.

Bartholomew and Frank were at Police Headquarters in Schenectady when the prisoners were brought in. It took some policemen to keep Bartholomew off Anton, and one policeman to do the same to Frank, whose regard for his wife is to say the least, as warm as it used to be. But he protests that he loves her still.

The prisoners were brought down from Schenectady to Yonkers yesterday by Detective Gilbert, who sat with his hand on his revolver all the way, fearing that Bartholomew and Frank, fearing just across the aisle might start something with silhouettes.

DUTCH TO SALUTE FLEET.

POSTA DELGADO, Azores, Jan. 28.—The Dutch battleship Jacob van Heemskerck and the Portuguese cruiser Don Carlos came in here to-day. They will remain for the purpose of saluting and exchanging courtesies with the American battleship fleet under Rear-Admiral Sperry on its way across the Atlantic from Gibraltar to Hampton Roads. The Jacob van Heemskerck came from Curacao.

Mary Garden's Salome a Marvellous Bit of Realistic Acting; Mr. Hammerstein Gives Fine Production of Strauss's Opera

A Crowded Audience in the Manhattan Opera-House Is Enthrallled for One Hour and Thirty-five Minutes While Music Drama Is Unfolded.

DANCE OF THE SEVEN VEILS A CHASTE PERFORMANCE.

Audience Remains Spellbound for Half a Minute After the Curtain Drops, Then Calls Singers, Conductor and Impresario to Reward Them With Applause.

BY SYLVESTER RAWLING.

MARY GARDEN'S Salome, disclosed to the public for the first time last night at the Manhattan Opera-House, is the sensation of the operatic year. Long after every other character that has been or shall be impersonated this season is forgotten it will linger in the memory. To many it will be revolting, but its pervasive and terrible realism will grip the imagination in bonds of steel. If Miss Garden's Melisande, with its dreamy, mystic, beautiful intangibility, gave her a place among the world's great artists, her Salome will come near to placing her at the top of them.

Mr. Hammerstein gave a beautiful stage setting to the music-drama that Richard Strauss composed upon the text of Oscar Wilde's vividly dramatic story of the love of the daughter of Herodias for John the Baptist, with its gruesome ending, and he presented it with a fine cast. The house was sold out weeks ago and the sale of admission tickets was stopped long before the performance began.

It was a cosmopolitan throng that awaited the rising of the curtain, made up of leaders of fashion and music lovers from every walk of life, together with mere curiosity seekers. There was animated conversation and there were smiles and laughter on every hand. Some of that foreboding which hung over the audience gathered at Mr. Conzelmann's presentation of the work two years ago was apparent. But all were intent and eager once the opera began.

Audience Slow to Gather.
A request from Mr. Hammerstein that everybody should be seated by 7 o'clock passed unheeded. At that time, while the standees were many rows deep, the stalls and boxes were not half occupied. For blocks the surrounding streets were filled with carriages in line, and a great crowd of onlookers was gathered on both the Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth street sides of the house. The police were kept busy in clearing the passages. In the next fifteen minutes the house filled, but it was not until twenty-five minutes past 8 that Campanini entered the orchestra pit. He was cordially greeted, and then the house fell silent.

Aloofness From Sex, Keynote of Mary Garden's Impersonation

WHEN "Salome" was presented by Mr. Conzelmann at the Metropolitan Opera House two years ago, the writer declared that, in his opinion, "no such boldly lewd, salacious, brutal, and disgusting exhibition of human nature as this score has been disclosed at a theatre." Of Mr. Hammerstein's production he would say the same, with some reservation as to the "lewd" and "salacious," and more emphasis on the "brutal" and "disgusting." That Mary Garden's platter on which lay the decapitated head of the prophet was deeper than the one used by Olive Fremstad, so that the face was not exposed to the audience, mitigates but little the gruesomeness of the spectacle of a live woman making passionate love to a dead head. Therein lies the offense against art as well as against decency. Realism? Yes! But there are countless normal things in life that nobody would think of exploiting upon the stage. Why, therefore, the abnormal which is also unwholesome?

True to the Author's Conception.
Olive Fremstad modified Oscar Wilde's conception of Salome. Mary Garden does not. She plays the part with ashen face, lackluster eyes, expressionless lips and listless air, such as in great cities are seen on men and women that never only at night. Sunlight and fresh air would drive them to cover. Her loveliness to the prophet is void of womanly attributes. As she sways to and fro, first on one foot and then on the other, her appeal does not seem to be one of sex. It is something strange and unnatural. Throughout all her attempts to win Jokanaan's love she never smiles. For the first and only time her face is illuminated when Herod reluctantly orders the prophet to be beheaded. Throughout her broodings over her repulse by the prophet and the conceiving of her great revenge, in the intensity of her insistence upon the head of Jokanaan as reward for her dance, even in her alternate reviling and love-making to the decapitated head, that same quality of aloofness from sex remains distinct and penetrating. It is uncanny, it makes the flesh creep, but it is a marvelously consistent and weirdly fascinating characterization.

A Chaste and Modest Dance.
The famous Dance of the Seven Veils, which Miss Garden does herself, is as beautiful, as chaste and modest as it is beautiful. One is reminded of Isadora Duncan's classic dances while watching her. There is almost nothing of Oriental suggestiveness in it. Again the thought recurs of sensuality.

Dufrenoy makes an impressive, sonorous Jokanaan. Dalmores, as Herod, sings too well, perhaps, and is hardly gentle enough, but his portraiture of the drunken, superstitious, cowardly, profligate is effective. Dora as Herodias, Valles as Narraboth, Crabbe as one of the two soldiers, Severing as the page of Herodias, and all the smaller parts are well taken.

Campanini gave the singers, especially "There's a Reason."



MARY GARDEN
AS SALOME

'Give me here John the Baptist's head in a charger.' Herod, though fearing he was killing a man of God, kept his word to her. Upon this, aided by secular tradition and his own erotic imagination, Wilde built a drama of great power, and it is upon Wilde's text that Strauss constructed his opera.

Only one scene.

There is only one scene, the exterior of the palace in the moonlight. When the curtain rises Narraboth, a young Syrian prince—one of Herod's captives, whom he had made captain of the guard—is standing upon the steps, looking in upon Salome at the banquet table, and disclosing his love for her, to the indignation of the boy page of Herodias, who, in turn, is devoted to the Prince. From his prison house in the tower, the voice of John is heard proclaiming the coming of Christ. Presently Salome appears and is attracted by the voice. It has a strange fascination for her. She demands that John be brought before her, and, reluctantly, Narraboth tells the soldiers on guard to bring him forth. Immediately there is aroused in Salome a wild passion for the prophet. She makes desperate love to him by words and acts, finally falling on the ground before him and frantically kissing his feet. Her one continuous cry has been: "I will kiss thy mouth, Jokanaan!"

The prophet is adamant. He will not even look at her. He pronounces her mother the vilest of the vile and herself her mother's daughter. Meanwhile Narraboth, in despair because of her obsession, has killed himself and fallen at her feet without even a glance from her.

When, finally, the prophet has returned to his prison, she falls to brooding. Hatred gives place to love, and slowly her scheme of revenge evolves in her brain.

Salome Consents to Dance.

Herod, full of wine, comes out in search of her. She will not heed him. Five Jews appear and demand the surrender of the prophet to them. Two Nazarenes explain to Herod who the prophet is, and that John still is proclaiming from the desert. Herodias demands that John be killed, but Herod is afraid, and the pair quarrel. Then he begs Salome to dance, promising anything that she may ask. At last she consents, performs the Dance of the Seven Veils, already described, and demands the head of the prophet. Herod is stricken with horror at the suggestion, offers her anything else to the half of his kingdom, but she persists and he yields.

When the head is handed up Salome seizes it, and for minutes after mutters with her eyes transfixed upon it, she gives vent alternately to visible hate and rage and absorbing passion. Finally she falls upon the dead man's lips and kisses them.

Long before his courtiers have fled and Herod, cowering and hiding his face, is afraid to look. But as a gleam of moonlight falls full upon her as she kisses the dead lips, she sings "Kill that woman!" and as the curtain falls the soldiers fall upon her with their shields.

DROWNED FROM KENTUCKY.

ALBANY, Jan. 28.—A German on the battleship Kentucky, while jumping from a small boat to the ship's ladder, fell overboard and was drowned. He was buried on land, and the coffin was escorted by detachments of French and American marines.

JOY WORK And the Other Kind.

Did you ever stand on a promenade corner at an early morning hour and watch the throngs of people on their way to work? Noting the number who were forcing themselves along because it meant their daily bread, and the others cheerfully and eagerly pursuing their way because of love of their work.

It is a fact that one's food has much to do with it. As an example: If an engine has poor oil, or a boiler is fired with poor coal, a bad result is certain, isn't it?

Treating your stomach right is the keystone that sustains the arch of health's temple and you will find "Grape-Nuts" as a daily food is the most nourishing and beneficial you can use.

We have thousands of testimonials, real genuine little heart throbs, from people who simply tried Grape-Nuts out of curiosity—as a last resort—with the result that prompted the testimonial.

If you have never tried Grape-Nuts it's worth while to give it a fair impartial trial. Remember there are millions eating Grape-Nuts every day—they know, and we know if you will use Grape-Nuts every morning your work is more likely to be joy work, because you can keep well, and with the brain well nourished work is a joy. Read "The Road to Wellville" in every package—

DOCTOR SLAVE TO DRUGS ENDS LIFE IN HOTEL ROOM

Dunlop's Suicide Believed to
Be Due to the Fact that He
Couldn't Cure Himself.

Dr. Samuel R. Dunlop, a young physician of Trenton, N. J., died in Smith & McNeill's Hotel, No. 201 Washington street, early this morning, from laudanum, which he is believed to have taken to end his life, when it became apparent to him that he was a slave to drugs.

Dr. Dunlop came to this city on Tuesday afternoon and went to Smith & McNeill's, where he registered as "S. R. Dunlop." He paid his hotel bill for a week in advance, and two suit cases were taken to his room.

Dunlop, as Dr. Dunlop was known about the hotel, seldom appeared during the day, but at night he would show up in the corridors and talk to other guests. He was very pale, and to one of the clerks he said:

"I'm not Dunlop. The fact is I'm Dr. Dunlop of Trenton. I am an eye, ear and throat specialist, and a short time ago I had a splendid practice. Then I got the habit. You know what habit I mean. You can see for yourself."

The clerk then realized that the doctor was a drug fiend, but he said to him: "Why didn't you register under your right name?"

"Because I am here for a little fling at a good time," answered the physician. "I didn't want it to be known who I was."

Dr. Dunlop was about the hotel last night for a time. Then he went to his room. About 8 o'clock a maid passed his room and heard heavy breathing. She notified the clerk, who hurried to Dr. Dunlop's room.

"I'm going to get you a doctor," said the clerk.

"You'd do no such thing," said Dunlop. "I'm a doctor. I'm treating myself. I'm much obliged, however."

Shortly before midnight the heavy breathing was heard again. For the second time Dr. Dunlop's room was entered. He was unconscious, and a doctor was called from Hudson Street Hospital. Dunlop died without regaining consciousness.

A maid who had contained laudanum was found near his bed, and the doctor said laudanum had caused death. In the effects of the dead physician were a number of cards, which showed that he had an office in the Wilkinson Building, Trenton, and lived at No. 29 Elm Street. One of the cards was written:

"In case of accident notify Charles Pettymann, Parkland, Bucks County, Pa."

ALL PARIS PAYS LAST HOMAGE AT COQUELIN'S BIER

Special Trains Run From
French Capital to Accommo-
date Crowds of Mourners.

PARIS, Jan. 29.—The best known men and women in French art, science and literature gathered this afternoon at Port aux Dames, a little village near St. Germain, to render their last homage to the famous French actor, Benoit-Constant Coquelin, who died Jan. 27.

The remains lay in the retreat for aged actors founded by the munificence of M. Coquelin, and beneath the shadow of a statue of Moliere, of whom he was the matchless interpreter.

Special trains were run from Paris for the accommodation of the crowd of mourners composed of friends of the dead man, actors, playwrights and authors, indeed the most distinguished representatives of the intellectual life of the Republic.

M. Coquelin's remains were laid out in a simple coffin in the salon of the home, which had been transferred into a mortuary chapel. The crest of the Coquelin family, a tall palm in flowers, reposed on the coffin. This was sent by the Association of Dramatic Artists. A crown of flowers, an offering of the aged actors, rested at the foot of the catafalque.

LAST HANGING IN JERSEY.

TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 29.—The Court of Appeals today having affirmed the conviction of Frederick Lang, of Middlesex County, New Jersey will witness his last hanging.

Lang was convicted of murdering his niece a short time before the new election law went into effect. Since his conviction he has been confined in the Middlesex County Jail.

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SODA CRACKER

Another Biscuit

SODA CRACKER

An Old Fashioned Soda Cracker.

"Another" 5c Package

IN JUSTICE TO THE COOK

Don't ask impossibilities.
Give the cook
every opportunity
to make good bread.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR is
the best opportunity.

Give her—

**WASHBURN-CROSBY'S
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR**

TAFT REACHES COLON ON SWIFT CRUISER

Canal Officials Cross Isthmus
to Give Welcome to
President-Elect.

COLON, Jan. 29.—The cruiser North Carolina, with William H. Taft on board, was sighted off this port at 9 o'clock this morning, coming in rapidly. Col. Goethals and other high officials of the Canal came over from the Panama side to welcome the President-elect.

\$50,000 FOR "BIG BILL."

Edwards Gets Quarter of Sum
Asked for Clearing Last
Snow Away.

"Big Bill" Edwards wanted \$50,000 bright and early to-day from the Board of Estimate for the purpose of defraying the cost of centre rushing the last snow fall.

"Too much money all at once," murmured the Comptroller. "I will give him something on account," said President Ahearn. And so the Board decided. An appropriation of \$50,000 was voted.

"At \$50,000 a snow storm, where are we going to get off by spring?" remarked a taxpayer, looking daggers at "Big Bill."

FIFTH AVENUE TUNNEL HELD UP BY COURT

Taxpayer Gets Injunction
Stopping Proposed De-
pression of 42d Street.

While the Board of Estimate was in session to-day a restraining order was served on the Mayor and the remaining members of the board enjoining them from taking any action on the proposed plan to depress Forty-second street so as to pass under Fifth avenue.

Walter J. Salomon, the plaintiff, sued as a taxpayer, and contends that any action by the board "approving plans for the depression and the issue of corporate bonds in payment thereof, would be an illegal official act, the commission of which would produce injury to the funds and estate of the city of New York and to the plaintiff as a taxpayer." The question of increasing the bonded indebtedness of the city is also raised.

The injunction was granted by Justice Brainerd. The board was to have acted on the project to-day.

PARK & TILFORD DANCE.

The Employees' Mutual Benefit Association of Park & Tilford will give an entertainment this evening at the Grand Central Palace. A vaudeville performance will be presented, to be followed by dancing.

MAHLER BROS.

SIXTH AVE. AND 31ST ST.

Saturday's Stirring Specials!

Long Kid Gloves--16 Button Length, 1.50
Leading shades of tan--selected skins--very finely made. Full 16-button length. Splendid value. Actually worth 3.50 a pair.

Men's Furnishings
Manufacturer's Sale of Men's Dress Shirts, 79c
White and colors; plaited bosoms--cost style; attached cuffs.

Full Dress White Shirts, 69c
Reinforced back and front. 3 for 2.00

Muslin Night Robes, 39c
Fancy trimmed fronts. Full length and width. Very special at

WINTER UNDERWEAR
Heavy and Medium Weights
Root's Tivoli Shirts, 89c
French Ribbed Shirts, 59c
drawers, per garment.

Blanket Bath Robes, 2.69
Manufacturer's samples; excellent colors and patterns; very well made; value 4.50. Special at

NO SECRETS

People of New York City May Know What Is in the Medicine They Take. An Enterprise Which Merits the Endorsement and Hearty Support of the Public.

Health should be more seriously considered and safeguarded. The United States Government has partially assented to the fact, and now compels the publication of certain ingredients on the packages of medicines that contain them. That was a step in the right direction, but it did not reach far enough.

The public should know and be told about every ingredient of every medicine they take. In our business of selling drugs and medicines, we are compelled to sell what the public demands, even though some medicines we sell contain drugs injurious to the good health of the person using them. We have often attempted to overcome this evil, but we were almost powerless until we became affiliated with about two thousand other leading druggists in a co-operative enterprise, known as the United Drug Company. Through this large co-operation of druggists, it was possible for experts to travel all over the country for more than two years in search of extraordinary remedies. When they found a remedy that was perfect they purchased its prescription. The druggists themselves also contributed prescriptions that they knew to be good through their having been continually prescribed and successfully used by eminent physicians.

In this way about two thousand different prescriptions were collected. These were then carefully classified, remedies compounded from them and thoroughly tested by actual use for a long period under the supervision of a committee of expert chemists and physicians, until about three hundred different remedies were selected as being the best for the treatment of certain ailments or diseases.

We are now able to offer these remedies of known and proved curative value to the people of New York City. We will truthfully tell anybody all about them, explain what they contain, and give our own personal guarantee that they are safe and will do exactly as we represent, or they will cost the user nothing. These medicines are called "Rxal Remedies," which means King-of-All. There is one specific remedy for each human ailment. Therefore, no remedy is a "cure-all."

We earnestly urge you, our neighbors, friends and acquaintances, to use Rxal Remedies on our personal, positive guarantee that you pay us nothing if for any reason they do not prove entirely satisfactory to you. Now, you must realize that when we make this bold statement, we must be absolutely positive that we can back it up to the entire satisfaction of the public. Otherwise, we would lose your friendship and patronage, ruin our business and suffer a very severe financial loss.

We make this statement with a full understanding of what it means to us, and because we are certain we can make it good. We know all about the Rxal Remedies, what they contain and their power to do great good for suffering mankind.

Rxal Dyspepsia Tablets was the first Rxal remedy made. They are composed of the well-known properties of Bismuth Subnitrate, Pepsin, Carminatives and their agents, in perfect combination. They are incomparable and invaluable for the positive cure of indigestion and dyspepsia, whether acute or chronic. We urge all in need of such a remedy to try Rxal Dyspepsia Tablets at our risk. Three sizes, 25c, 45c and 89c. When you purchase Rxal Remedies, you are buying health insurance, and we do not believe we could sell you anything with more secure and liberal guarantee. When you are in need of medicine, remember this offer and take advantage of it.

Riker's Drug Stores—N. Y. Stores: 8th av. and 22d st., 11-15 West 4th st., 14th av. and 43d st., 2 West 14th st., Broadway and 9th st., 4th av. and 14th st.

Brooklyn Stores: 45-47 Fulton st., 36 Fulton st., 273 Flatbush av., 371 Summer st., Columbia and Union sts., 1273 Broadway, opp. Ralph av.

Thousands more next Sunday